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BIDDY'S
Nest



Wild-Bird's Souvenir Series.

No. 1.

BIDDY'S NEST.



DENVER, COLO.

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BIDDY'S NEST.

Biddy is hidden away in the straw,
Brooding the fairest eggs ever she saw.
Hungry and faint, yet her courage is strong;
Waiting to hear the first notes of a song,
 “Peep, peep!”

Three long weeks she has waited to hear;
Dreaming that soft wings were fluttering near:
Dreaming of gardens in bloom at the morn,
Dinners of fresh curds and suppers of corn.
 “Peep, peep!”

One snowy egg is now fractured, and there
Comes a wee voice on the straw-scented air.
Glad, waiting Biddy would laugh if she could;
That little word is so well understood:
 “Peep, peep!”

Good, old, experienced mother! how still
She broods a day longer, till every small bill
Has pierced the white shell that encased it; and yet
She cares not for hunger, though day-beam has set;
For this is the word that soothes all her regret,
 “Peep, peep!”

Soft little toddlers, all wrapt in their down,
Each in its own silken, feathery gown;
Each with its little, spare, stockingless feet,
Asking for only wee somethings to eat;
 “Peep, peep!”

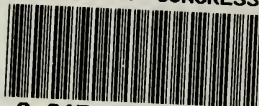
Then toddling back in the feathers to brood,
Patiently waiting for sunshine and food;
And through the warm wings so tenderly spread,
Now and then peers out a velvety head;
 “Peep, peep!”

The motherly voice oft saying “Curroo,”
Seems to be telling what each ought to do.
Then every fledgeling is hidden from sight,
In its soft downy bed, warm for the night,
Scarcely to whisper ere cometh the light,
 “Peep, peep!”

Wild-Bird.



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